

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"— VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1814.

[NO. 49.

(ORIGINAL.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANTHONY AND SERAPHINA.

(Concluded from our last.)

The good cottager and his wife were sitting by him—they arose at our entrance, and each seemed eager to communicate something of importance.—“ Marcy preserve me gentlemen!—I hope you will pardon me for bin so free—I am glad you am come, we have bin almost frightened to death: poor gentleman, I am afraid he wil die—the Lord help him—las night as ——” —“ Betty hush, I can enform the gentlemen of the particlers better than you can.” Betty being sensible of her husband’s superiority of understanding remained silent, and he continued.—“ May it please your honours to know that farmer Dobson sent for me to come and plow for him yesterday mornin, and I went; at night when I was commin back it was very dark, and I stumbled o’er summut—feeling with my hand to find out what it was—the Lord have marcy on me—I found it was a human body; I never was so scar’d in all my life. I thought I should a fainted; bein not fur from the house I run to fetch Betty with a candle; when we got back to him we could see by the light that he was some misfarchunate gentleman that had bin throw’d off his horse; for his whip lay by his side and them there things on his boots,” (meaning his spurs,) “ confarmed us in our thoughts. However, may it please you, that me and Betty contrived to carry him home to our little hut, where we have taken all the care of him that we could. Betty fetch’d him to life agin by rubbin some vinegar on his face and hands, but not to his senses for th’ am clean gone; and none but the Almighty can give um back.” As soon as he had ended his information we took leave of them with a promise to return immediately with assistance.

On relating the melancholy accident, Mrs. Purville speedily furnished us with suitable necessaries to render the situation of the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible; and ordered the carriage directly: we requested Dr. Sinclair, an eminent physician, who was skillful as he was humane, and who resided in the neighbourhood, to accompany us and attend the wounded man after examining him: we experienced the greatest satisfaction on hearing the doctor say, that he did not despair of his recovery; provided he was kept quiet and still: he had received a severe contusion on his head, and he was otherwise very much bruised. However, to our increased satisfaction, in a short time, according to the opinion of the doctor; he so far recovered as to be able to be removed. At this we expressed our most sincere congratulation, and requested him to accompany us to the house of our friend, where he would receive the tenderest attention; he had spoken but

little during the whole of his confinement; he appeared to labour under the pressure of some recent mental affliction:—the sighs which frequently escaped him, betrayed his breast the receptacle of sorrow. I thought perhaps he had lost a beloved wife—a child, or tender parent;—the idea was painful to me: my heart yearned in tender pity towards him. “ He besought us to accept his most sincere acknowledgments, for our unremitting, kind, and benevolent attention to him, and begged us to excuse his refusing to accept of our kind invitation; as his misfortunes had reduced him to such a state of melancholy, that his presence would only be a burden, and a restraint on our happiness and enjoyments.” Notwithstanding his resolution, our united intreaties prevailed with him, to spend a few days with us. Whatever might have been the cause of his habitual dejection, we conceived an idea that the company of our happy little society would alleviate the poignancy of his grief; independent of attention and exercise, which were absolutely requisite for the restoration of his bodily health.

As soon as Mrs. Purville and Mrs. L’Moor entered the parlour in which we were seated, our wonder and astonishment were excited by the stranger’s retreating back and exclaiming, “ Great heaven; what do I see?—my injured wife!—O my heart will break—it is—it is my Seraphina!” falling on his knees, he continued, “ O most innocent and affectionate of women, forgive my cruelty:—forgive my injurious suspicions.” The transported Mrs. L’Moor clasped him in her arms, and hung on his neck in an agony of indescribable joy. Tell me, my Seraphina, (said he,) how you have been preserved: she related the particulars before mentioned, and he proceeded to inform us that a few weeks ago he received a message from a dying man, who wished to see him immediately on a most important concern: on being conducted to him, what was my surprise, on perceiving it was B—y. “ O Anthony,” said he, my time is short—I am the basest wretch upon earth—I am the cruel author of all your misery.” He proceeded, “ Although Seraphina had rejected my addresses, I was not without hope of making an impression on her heart, until after I returned from my travels, and found that she had given her hand to you. Disappointment made me desperate, my affection was changed to the most bitter hatred. On hearing that your happiness was a pattern of conjugal felicity, my evil genius meditated how I might destroy it. I was the author of those anonymous letters which you so frequently received, also of the one written so exactly in imitation of your wife’s hand writing, that it was impossible to distinguish the imposition: I inclosed it in one addressed to yourself, signifying, that, as I was the confident of the person whom your wife encouraged, both to your and her own dishonour: he did not hesitate to show me the affectionate billet which he had received from her, and that he had carelessly

left it in my possession, through which means I had it in my power, I hoped, to render him an essential service. I also informed you that on such a night, as you were not expected home until late, you might have an incontrovertible proof of your wife’s infidelity. I had contrived to bribe her servant Peggy entirely to my interest, by whom I was secretly conducted into your wife’s chamber: I kept myself concealed until I heard your footsteps on the stairs according to my desire: as you came in at one door, you had a glimpse of me as I went out at the other. I made my escape without difficulty, triumphing in the success of my plot. Being struck with the conviction of the infamy of my proceedings, my heart was torn with anguish, my soul was harrowed up with remorse, at the idea of the ruin I had effected on your family. I feel the icy hand of death fast approaching: I cannot die in peace, unless I obtain your forgiveness.” I extended my hand to the suffering penitent, and saw him breathe his last. Let us draw a veil over his vices, and leave him to that Being who is both the Judge of the virtuous and the vicious.

As we all truly rejoiced in the restoration of the happiness of the worthy Anthony and his affectionate Seraphina, we will leave them in the enjoyment of every domestic felicity. After Carlos had enlarged the circle of his happiness, by obtaining the hand of his Selina, I claimed his promise to accompany me home: we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Purville, who engaged to spend the winter with her sister Selina at my house. My heart yearned to behold my children,—I soon pressed them to my throbbing breast.—I revisited with pleasing sadness every spot, which in happier days afforded me pleasure and delight: the scene was changed,—recollection was painful—I dropped a tear and returned into the house.

P. P.

MARRIAGE IN GREECE.

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.)

(Concluded from our last.)

When we entered we did not immediately sit down, but walked round the room, and examined the pictures and furniture. Over the door was inscribed, *let no evil enter.*

The tables were decorated with garlands of wild asparagus, which, being covered with prickles and affording pleasant fruit, signified the difficulty of courtship, and the reward with which perseverance is crowned in the possession of a lovely woman. The friends who accompanied me threw upon my head figs and other fruits as omens of future plenty.

While we were thus engaged Myrilla was led into the room by her uncle and followed by her friends.

The blooming bride was attired in a flowing purple robe, and a jealous veil strove to conceal her timid blushes. The violet curls which luxuriantly wanted on her neck, were

perfumed with odorous essences and loosely bound with garlands of herbs which are sacred to Venus. We walked in procession to the temple, and at the door we were met by the Priest who presented us with a branch of the twining ivy that indicated the intimate union which we were about to form. A sacrifice of a milk-white heifer was then made to propitiate the pure Diana, the wise Minerva, and those deities who are believed to be unfriendly to matrimony because they never bowed to the dominion of hymen. The priest and the people also implored the protection of the fates who spin the threads of life, of the Graces who embellish the comforts of social intercourse, and of the queen of Beauty, who gave birth to love, and added strength to the silken bands of the god of marriage.

The entrails of the animal having been inspected and the omens which had appeared to the soothsayers being propitious; the notary was now ordered to read the contract, which simply stated that Telesicles having received a present, had given his niece in marriage to me with the concurrence of her mother; and that he had bestowed a dowry which was to be returned in case of my death, or of a separation by mutual consent. If the dowry was not returned, I was bound to pay her nine oboli every month, or be subject to an action of maintenance in the odeum. When this instrument was signed, Telesicles placed the hand of Myrilla in mine, and at the same time pronounced these words: "Athenian! I bestow this maid upon you, that you may give legitimate children to the republic." We then exchanged vows of fidelity, which being ratified by fresh sacrifices, we prepared to return to the house which I had prepared for this occasion. Anacreon and myself ascended the car, and the blushing bride was placed between us. The shades of night had now descended and our way was illuminated by the glare of a hundred torches. We were preceded by a band of musicians and dancers, whose joyous notes and nimble attitudes added to the festivity of the scene. When we arrived at my house, the axletree of my car was broken, by which act it was signified that the bride would not return to her former home. The hall was decorated with green garlands, emblematic of cheerfulness, and the nuptial entertainment was now to be celebrated in honour of the gods of marriage, and that the marriage might be made public by the assemblage of friends. The table which was covered with tapestry, was placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by couches.

The guests were arranged according to their respective ranks, and they were called to their places, by a person appointed for that purpose. The first reclined the upper part of his body upon his left side, his head raised, his back supported by a pillow, and his feet thrown behind the next person below him. In this manner four or five persons were accommodated on each couch, on which odorous flowers were profusely scattered. Some preferred lying on their breast, that their right arm might more easily reach the table.

First we offered a part of our provisions to the gods, and particularly to Vesta, the chief of the household gods. The first meal was a *refast before supper* which consisted of bitter herbs, eggs, oysters, and other things which create an appetite. The second, or supper, was a repetition of the former provisions, with bread made of flour, salt, water and oil, baked

under the ashes, & compositions of rice, cheese, eggs, and honey wrapt in fig leaves, and of cheese, garlic and eggs. We had also almonds, figs, peaches and other fruits. The third part of the entertainment, which was the second course, was composed of a variety of sweatmeats. These were furnished in great profusion and luxury, although the guests were very frugal in their use of them. A list of all the dishes was given to me by the cook and handed round the table, that the guests might select those which were most pleasing to their palates.

Our liquors were wine and water. The water had been cooled by ice, and the wine was four years old. While we were eating, a little boy entered who was covered with acorns and boughs of thorns. He carried a basket full of bread, and sung, *I have left a worse and found a better state*; in allusion to the superior joys of matrimony.

(From the Hibernian Magazine.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

SPECIMEN OF BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what) his parents were (no matter who) he had a pleasant, chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*A sweet baby*.

After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, spoke *ha* and *ma* and several other words very distinctly, and looked so charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy*.

He was now sent to school, where he learnt his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart (on condition of receiving a slice of plum cake) and was always desired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child*.

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech, which he delivered with such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of a—*wonderful boy for his years*.

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equally at least, if not excelled, his fellow-scholars in his proficiency, but played so many droll tricks at the expence of his ushers, and his school-fellows, that they had no scruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad*.

He was next sent to college, where he out-did all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whist, learned to drink his bottle, and was so pleasant in singing a catch or glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him the epithet of a—*promising fellow*.

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bedmaker or his laundress's daughter; when his parents were informed of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy that he was a—*wild dog*.

His term being over, he was sent to London, and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances,

with whom he eat, drank, gamed and *saw fights*; he was the life and soul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly old benchers of the inns, shook their heads, and declared he was—a fine dashing fellow.

In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's to the cellars in St. Giles's, and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—a queer dog and no fool.

He now began to dress in stile, dine in stile, give dinners in stile, and keep women in stile. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box lobbies of the theatres his person was an object, his opinion a law, and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as—a buck.

In the process of time, he learned to judge of horse-flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favourite horse of the day, and won large sums—Lords now shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion, not on state, but *stable* affairs; and he was known in the Turf coffee-house as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was—a knowing one.

But, somehow or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands, began to decrease; he was less successful in his bets; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous; money must be had; and, to get it, he ventured on many schemes, which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty, and became—a black legs.

Amid all this, he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with *inconstant constancy*, and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for a—*Devil among the women*.

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter, he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards, and swore—*Ash Got's my judge, he ish no Chrestian!*

After this he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, beside the characters above-mentioned, several others, such as an Odd Fellow—Hearty Cock—Pleasant Dog, &c. At length, his whole course being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair dresser's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and personal effects to an old woman, who swept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up*, which occasioned people to say—*He was still the old man*.

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy old friends, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, 'Poor devil! What! is he dead—Well, I knew him once a fine fellow!'

When sacrifices were offered to Juno, who presided over marriages, the Gall of the victim was thrown behind the altar, to shew, that no such thing ought to be among married persons.

Variety.

FEMALE LABOUR.

THE low rate of female labour is a grievance of the very first magnitude, and pregnant with the most mighty ills to society. It demands the most serious consideration of those whose situations in life give them influence upon manners and customs. This unjust arrangement of remuneration for services performed diminishes the importance of women in society—renders them more helpless and dependant—destroys in the lower walks of life much of the inducements to marriage—and of course in the same degree increases the temptations to licentiousness. It is difficult to conceive why, even in those branches, wherein both sexes are engaged, there should be such an extreme degree of disparity in the recompence of labor as every person acquainted with the subject knows to exist.

SELECT SENTENCES.

A MAN of spirit should learn *prudence* from his *very pride*, and consider every unnecessary debt he contracts as a wanton diminution of his character. The moment he makes *another* his creditor, he makes *himself* a slave. He runs the hazard of insults which he can never resent; and of disgraces which are seldom to be mitigated. He incurs the danger of being dragged, like the vilest felon, into a felon's prison; and, such is the depravity of the world, that *guilt* is more likely to meet with advocates than *misfortune*.

An engagement to meet an antagonist to fight a duel is the only one in which, now-a-days, people pretend to any punctuality. A man is allowed half an hour's law to dinner; but a thrust through the body must be given within a second of the clock.

It may be as dangerous to despise rumour, as it would be foolish to act upon it. There are a few cases in which a patient and polite attention may not be necessary and useful.

SUPERSTITION.

IT was curious to observe the contrast that appeared between the worshippers and their shrines in Italy—While the one were covered with rags, the other were invested with costly ornaments. Columns of marble supported the altars, while the thread-bare cloke scarcely covered those who knelt and crawled around it. On the one, precious odours were ascending in votive clouds; from the other proceeded only the vile scent of garlick. Yet the countenance of the worshipper spoke a sentiment above content. He eyed with something more than complacency the range of costly statues which enkindled his devotion, and seemed to forget the depth of his misery in the fervour of his prayers. How strong is the grasp of superstition when it has once fastened upon its victim! The comforts of life really seemed to these deluded people a very mean price for the religious trumpery they received in exchange, and the privilege of worshipping at a golden altar: content to exist upon maraconi and to stretch their bodies upon beds of straw, provided their saints and demigods may feed upon frankincense, and inhabit shrines of alabaster!

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES occasioned on the sudden Death of Mrs. ANN R. CROMMELIN, on the 2d inst. after a short illness of about ten minutes; who has left nine Children to lament the loss of an amiable, tender, and affectionate Parent.

We ne'er shall find her like again,

CAN it be true, yes, 'tis too true,
That we're bereft a Mother's care;
And from her much lov'd form we flew,
When we beheld death's ghastly stare.

Why bursts the sigh and drops the tear?
Ah! some may ask the reason why:
Departed is our mother dear,
Is all the children's quick reply.

To us it seems a frantic dream,
A visionary thought of mind;
But ah! how true it soon does seem,
Alas! no mother can we find.

How oft in sickness has she prov'd,
The only solace of our pains;
And watch'd us with maternal love,
And hushed our plaintive strains.

To tell the virtues she possess'd
Needs genius greater than my own;
Her's the kind sympathizing breast,
Partook of sorrows not her own.

When we approach the sacred spot,
Let recollection prompt the tear;
Affectionate memory ne'er forgot,
A tribute due to one so dear.

Submission to the will of God
While here, must be our trying part;
And may religion be our aid,
To soothe our young afflicted hearts.

R. I. C.

Weekly Museum

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

ACCOUNTS from Cadiz to the 18th of Feb. have been received at Boston. Verbal news by this arrival state that lord Wellington, by the latest information, continued to besiege Bayonne, and was about proceeding towards Bordeaux with an army of 110,000 men, with a view, it is said, of opening a communication with the allied army in the North of France; that Bonaparte had made a treaty with Ferdinand the 7th, but which the Cortes of Spain had rejected.

On the 31st ult. the President of the United States sent a message to the Senate and House of Representatives, recommending the repeal of the embargo, and all the restrictive laws on commerce; except as they respect Great-Britain.

Accounts from Washington, say, the Committee of Foreign Relations, reported two bills for carrying into effect the immediate object of the recommendation contained in the above Message of the President.

The house of Representatives of the U. S. have determined in favour of appointing a Committee to report a Bill to establish a national Bank.

On Saturday morning the 2d of April, a great freshet, in consequence of a heavy rain and sudden melting of the snow, was experienced in Albany: the water rising higher than had been known for 20 years past, overflowing the lower part of the city, in some places four feet deep; doing great injury to vast quantities of merchandize and store houses. From Hudson and other places on the North-River similar accounts have been received.

The letter of marque schr. Frolic, from Havannah to this port in ballast, was chased ashore at Barnegat on Wednesday the 30th ult. by a British brig of war.

The privateer Comet of Baltimore has arrived at Beaufort, (N. C.) after a cruise of five months, chiefly among the Leeward Islands in the West Indies; during which time she has taken 22 prizes, seven of which were manned and ordered for the United States, three of which have arrived, four ransomed and the rest destroyed.

A British spy has lately been detected at Plattsburgh, convicted and hung. It appears he came over the lines as a deserter, and had a pass to go into the country: was afterwards discovered returning in the dress of a countryman. He is a sergeant in the 103d reg. and calls himself William Baker.

Accounts from the Northward say, that about the 20th ult. gen. M'Comb and col. Clarke, with about 1000 men and six field pieces, passed into Canada on the east side of Lake Champlain, and posted themselves at a village within 6 miles of the Isle-a-noux; where they surprised and took an enemy's picket guard, with 60 stand of arms, and a quantity of ammunition.

The schr. Eclipse, prize to the Young Wasp, was chased ashore the 2d inst. on Rockaway beach by the boats of a 74.

The Two Friends, one of the Wasp's prizes, with a cargo of wine and fruit, taken on her passage from Mala to Holland, has arrived in the Delaware.

The United States Frigate Constitution has arrived at Salem from a cruise, after being chased, it is said, 72 hours by a 74 and two or three Frigates.

The Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum respectfully informs his Patrons, that being frequently solicited, he has it in serious contemplation to alter the form of his paper from a Quarto to an Octavo size, at the conclusion of the present volume, which will end the 30th of this month. The convenience to the subscribers, as regards binding—its portable form, resulting from such an arrangement, must be obvious to every one. The Price will be the same as before.

The Sheet shall consist of eight pages, to which he will annex a wrapper, upon which he proposes to insert advertisements EXCLUSIVELY, which he invites.

Nothing that a zealous attention can afford shall be wanting, and he confidently hopes that his proposed arrangement will meet with the approbation of his Friends.

APRIL 2d, 1814.

Guptials.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Milledollar, Mr. John B. Montgomery, to Miss Isabella Williamson, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. Edward Giraud, to Miss Eliza Post, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Sergt. Major Wm. P. Harris, to Miss Barbara Monroe, both of Governor's-Island.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, the rev. Hooper Cumming, of Newark, to Miss Sarah Sophia Wright, of this city.

At Leesburgh, (Va.) col. Thomas Humphrey, to Mrs. Mary Marmaduke. The bridegroom is 72 years of age, the father of 20 children, and has no less than 20 great-grand children. The bride is 69, has been married four times, and has children and great-grand children.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. Stephen Keen, to the amiable and interesting Mrs. Sarah Bagley all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

After an illness of only ten minutes, Mrs. Ann Reade Crommelin, wife of Mr. Robert Crommelin, aged 37 years.

Mrs. Ann Norris, aged 37, wife of Edward Norris.

Mrs. Helena Bogart, widow of Mr. Henry C. Bogart, and eldest daughter of the late Theodorus Van Wyck, esq. of this city.

Mrs. Sarah Sergeant, wife of Mr. James Sergeant, aged 46.

Of a consumption, Miss Elenor Dodge, aged 27.

In Washington city, of a lingering illness, John Dawson, a Representative in Congress, from Virginia, aged about 52.

At East Chester, Mr. James Morgan, aged 55.

The City Inspector reports the death of 30 persons, during the week, ending Saturday last.

Seat of the Muses.

EPILOGUE TO THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

By Robert Treat Paine, Jun. Esq.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly tied ;
Before I change the widow for the bride ;
Once more at his tribunal I appear,
A Soldier's Daughter and a volunteer.
Such am I now, though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it, in my sex's cause.
Ladies, I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it for your country's sake.
While glory animates each manly nerve,
Shall gentle woman from the contest swerve ?
No ?
We'll form a female army—of reserve ;
And class them thus : Young romps, are pioners ;
Widows, sharp-shooters ; wives, are fusileers ;
Maids, are battalion, that's—all under twenty ;
And as for light troops, we have those in plenty !
Our smart, gay milliners, all deck'd with feather,
Are corps of infantry for summer weather !
Our belles, who clad in cap and pantaloons
Shoot as they fly, shall be our light dragoons.
Old maids are spies ; still fond of war's alarms,
They love the camp, although they don't bear
arms !
Flirts are our van : for they, provoking elves !
Dawn on a battle ; but ne'er fight themselves.
Our prudes shall sap and mine ; well versed to
feign,
They fear no danger, though in ambush ta'en ;
For who'd suspect a prude, could lay a train ?
Gossips, who talk by rote, and kill by prattle,
Shall serve for bulletins to every battle.
Vixens the trumpet blow ; scolds beat the drum ;
When thus prepared, what enemy dare come ?
Those eyes, that even freemen could enslave,
Will light a race of vassals to their grave ;
So shall the artillery of female charms
Repel invaders, without force of arms.

If this succeeds, as I the scheme have plann'd,
I hope, at least, the honour of command.
Trained on this field, and disciplined by you,
I'm doomed to pass your critical review ;
For all recruits, are, by the law's direction,
Women, or soldiers, subject to inspection.
In love, or arm's, which claims the greater skill,
Eyes that can rifle, or carbines that kill ?
Which best displays the tactics of the art,
To storm a city, or subdue a heart ?
Yet one distinction woman's fate obtains ;
When towns capitulate the victor reigns ;
The vassal prisoner bows him to the stroke,
And owns the master, that imposed the yoke.
But woman, vanquished, still pursues the strife,
She yields her freedom, to become a wife,
And thus surrenders, but to rule for life !
A Parthian war she wages with her eyes ;
Routed, she triumphs, and, triumphant, flies ;
In new campaigns, she deigns to be outdone,
And grounds her arms to slaves, her eyes have
won.

Not so the band, who till Columbia's soil,
Distraining peril, and inured to toil,
A firm, proud phalanx, whose undaunted hand
A bulwark rears to guard their native land ;
And teach invading foes, that host to fear,
Which boast the name of patriot volunteer.
What say ye now ? If you approve my plans,
Receive your general, with " presented fans ! "

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

[Lord Byron has published a new Poem in two Cantos, called the Bride of Abydos. The following description of the beautiful country of the Turks, and the ferocious character of its possessors, is extracted from the opening of the Poem.]

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
Now melt in sorrow—now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of cedar and vine ?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;

Where the citron and olive are, fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun :
Can he smile on the deeds as his children have done ?
Oh ! wild as the accents of lover's farewell
Are the hearts which they beat, and the tales which
they tell.

TO PAIN.

AWAY, spread thy wings to the regions of night,
Cursed fiend, with all thy fell train ;
For long hath my bosom sore felt thy keen spight,
Ah ! has long own'd thy flinty domain.
Thou hast rabb'd me of peace, of the blessing of rest,
The sweetest of gifts here below ;
And has flung o'er my shoulders grief's sadd'ning
vest,
That furrow'd with wrinkles my brow.
If I wander where Flora tips o'er the green mead,
Array'd in her holiday suit ;
I gaze as unconscious as cattle that feed
On the grass, that around me doth shoot.
Not ev'n the gay birds, with their musical tributes,
Can administer balm to my soul ;
Nor the health-fanning breezes Aurora distributes,
When Sol his bright car 'gins to roll.
Or if by the fire, screen'd from the cold wind,
I sit with a book, or a friend ;
Alas ! no enjoyment, no pleasure I find,
But my hours in misery spend.
When Nox o'er the earth waves his ebony wand,
And thousands of stars dimly gleam ;
I deck my soft pillow, that sleep's softer hand
May guide me to Lethe's dull stream.
But the deity, deaf to my pitiful claim,
From my couch flies the further away ;
And leaves, bath'd in tears, my woe-wearied frame,
To lament his protracted delay.
Then cease, cruel tyrant, t'inflict thy keen rod,
On a mortal o'erloaded with care ;
Withdraw thy sharp tooth, that the soul-soothing god
May consent with a smile to my prayer.

Morality.

THE
GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF NATURE.

(Continued from our last.)

The bending posture of trembling veneration, the hallowed flame of sacred love, is a description of virtue in the eye of heaven : it marks out the path in which angels move ; it delineates the orbit in which the morning stars roll round the throne of God !

By veneration most profound thrown off ;
By sweet attraction no less sweetly drawn.

With what harmony these two emotions, solemnity and delight, conspire to kindle a lively, refined, and sublime enjoyment ! Mere vivacity is an emotion too gay and sportive : solemnity elevates the sentiment, and introduces a richness and magnificence of feeling. Simple delight, when it rises to excess, is inflammatory and painful ; the passions are all in a whirl ; the mind runs mad with joy ; the frantic imagination is distracted, the heart is ready to burst with the golden burden ; and sometimes, in a moment is as hot, as though the brain had been set on fire, and distracted reason gone raving to her grave.

The pictures of delight are minute, confined, vivid, and variegated. Solemnity is inspired

by a boundless, wild, unshapely scene ; gloomily grand, magnificently plain. The contrasted compound of both, presents us with a picture of the heavenly Eden, the garden of God.

Mark the Hebrew shepherd, the illustrious favourite of heaven ! He is moving to the hallowed bush where his master's presence burns. He draws nigh with a trembling step. He bows his head to the ground, overawed by the holiness of the place. The pulse of awful reverence beats solemn and slow. Every passion within him is transported, but every feature is grave. His soul is all on fire, but it is a calm and heavenly flame, kindled at that mild celestial glory which irradiates the bush without singeing a leaf. Such is the extacy imagination conceives to be felt on high ; such is the rapture that runs through the circle of seraphim round the throne.

Aw'd and yet raptur'd, raptur'd yet serene !

On earth, the finest enjoyment how poor,
how flat the key ! how wintry, how lifeless the
scene ! how disappointed the fondest wish !
how disconcerted the fairest scheme !

What we call rapture is an eddy of the passions, a fever of the blood, a distraction of the mind. The most elevated pleasure that we we know—what is it but a scanty rivulet, a noisy, shallow, rambling stream ? The sublime enjoyment of the sky is a vast awful expanse of unbounded, unfathomed peace.

(To be continued.)

Gleannotes.

MAN VS. HEDGEHOG.

W. Moore, of Loughborough, bricklayer, a few days ago, laid a wager of three shillings that he could with his hands fixed behind him, *worry to death* a hedgehog with his face.—He commenced his extraordinary undertaking by prostrating himself on the ground, and attacking the exterior of his prickly antagonist with his nose. In a few minutes his face was covered with blood, and he appeared to have little chance of success : however at length, having pressed the little animal till it had protruded its head, he snatched at it, and bit it off ; thereby winning the wager, to the great amusement of the brutal spectators.

What is the difference between school-masters, and school-boys ? One whips *tops*, and the other *bottoms*.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

I was walking in a beautiful meadow with my friend, where I saw a man, who I knew to be a villain, sleeping in great comfort and tranquility. "Good heavens," exclaimed I, "the evils which this man has committed do not break his repose!"—"God," said my friend, "suffers villains to sleep, that honest men may live undisturbed."

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